

THE
SCATH OF FRANCE;

OR, THE

3.

DEATH

OF

ST. JUST & HIS SON,

A POEM.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

MR MORDAC AND BALMA, &c.

By E. SMITH, Esq.

AUTHOR OF WILLIAM AND ELLEN,
LENNARD AND ROSA, &c. &c.

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THE
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ST. JUST & HIS SON,

A POEM

SIR MORRIS AND BALMA, &c.



WITH A PREFACE BY WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH

LEWIS AND ROSE, &c. &c.

Printed by

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1793.

THE
SCATH OF FRANCE.

A POEM.

'T WAS where the Seine flows Rouen by,
And spreads along the mead;
Where once proud William rul'd the ranks,
And spurr'd his Norman steed.
Where England's John, when barons bold
His tyrant sway withstood,
Drunk in his hall with ruffian crew,
And shed young Arthur's blood.

Here, on the cloud-capt tow'ring hill,
The ancient fortress stands;
Its awful age oft stood the storm,
And rul'd the Norman lands.
The Seine glides gently by its foot,
And, gliding, seems to smile;
And in its frolic thro' the mead,
Forms many a lovely isle.

B

Each

Each lovely isle, so fair to see,
Within the bosom wide,
Kiss'd by the ever-kissing stream,
Smiles on the placid tide.

'Twas in the fairest of these isles,
An aged fire did live ;
Kind heav'n had bless'd him with her hand
And all with him did thrive.

Yet doom'd to bear the sharpest pangs
That ever parent bore ;
A truer yet a sadder tale
Was never told before.
In dreary tedious winter nights,
Around their fires in France,
The weeping peasant oft shall tell
The tale of this mischance.

Three sons he had in blooming youth,
St. Just, the father's name ;
The eldest fought in foreign fields,
And won a deathless fame :
The other two they liv'd at home,
Till now still fate had smil'd ;
The aged parent's heart was set
Upon his youngest child.

A fairer youth than Frederic was,
Ne'er father loved more;
Yet was this loving father doom'd
To shed his Frederic's gore.
Long had they liv'd and smil'd in peace,
And all was peace around;
At length the fates, which smil'd so long,
Upon them dreadful frown'd.

'Twas not upon their house alone
That they did wreck their ire;
But, in the gen'ral mafs of woe,
They struck the aged fire.
Now all thofe ills which light on man,
And prefs this world below,
Were levell'd at devoted France,
And dreadful was the blow.

Her hoary, ancient, firm-set throne,
Was fhook from head to foot,
Like fome old oak, when doom'd to fall,
With axe laid to its root;
The heat which was to do her good,
Like fire 'mong ripen'd corn,
Was only meant to purge the chaff,
But maniacs blew it on.

Swift thro' the vital parts, the flame
Rag'd thro' her entrails wide;
And dread alarm ran thro' the world,
And rang from side to side.
The mind of man, as from a sleep,
Arose, and shook itself;
While others mad, or, Curtius like,
Leap'd down the yawning gulf.

What mighty virtues now call'd forth,
Which long had dormant lain;
Her soul was stung, up genius sprung,
And ne'er to sleep again.
Now man claim'd manhood as his right,
Free will to act and think;
And for their rights they drew their swords
On dire destruction's brink.

Now Greece, in all her glory, shone
Upon the mind of man;
And, for their laws, they ransack'd Rome;
Fair freedom was their plan.
Now tyranny, her garb thrown off,
Her hideous shape display'd;
And man look'd man into the face,
Astonish'd and dismay'd.

But up they sprang and drew their blades,
Stung with the noble fire;
And, to a man, 'gainst tyranny,
Resolv'd to wreck their ire.
A mighty load of ills there was
Upon the nation's back;
Yet they resolv'd to throw them off,
Or break the nation's neck.

Till now united firm and fast,
All in one gen'ral cause;
Surrounding nations flood amaz'd,
Oblig'd to own applause:
With jealousy and sore affright,
They saw the gath'ring storm;
And secretly did work those woes
Which bleeding France has born.

Yet could not they, with all their pow'r,
Put out the spark she gave;
They only serv'd to blow it up,
And rouse it from its grave.
But like some Gothic fabric old,
They touch'd the corner-stone;
The gap once made, religion, laws,
And all, came tumbling down.

Diffensions dire and civil broil,

Did threaten to o'erwhelm ;

No pilot bold could brave the storm,

And guide the nation's helm :

No pilot bold had skill enough,

Tho' many a pilot try'd ;

As oft her pilots stem'd the tide,

As oft her pilots dy'd.

Now son against the father rose,

And father 'gainst the son ;

And many a cruel broil was fought,

And many a battle won.

Now thousands fled and left their homes,

And all that they held dear ;

Against their mother-country they

A rebel's standard rear.

Not in the memory of man,

Was ever such a rage ;

Nor ever since the world began,

To grace historic page.

And now St. Just, a victim sad,

As e'er did tale relate,

With anxious breast and haggard eye,

Beheld approaching fate :

His Frederic's heart was smit with love,
He lov'd an English maid;
A wealthy man her father was,
In Rouen long did trade.
And he among the crowd of man,
Forefaw the coming blast;
And left devoted France herself,
And fought the British coast.

With him he took the beauteous maid,
To England's sea-girt shore;
And Frederic's heart was like to burst;
In silence still he bore.
For this he left his native home,
His love was all the cause;
For this he join'd the rebel foe,
And left his father's house:

In hopes some chance might bring him where
His love again might see;
But ah! a sadder lot was thine,
For such was heav'n's decree.
And long the aged father wept,
And mourn'd for his return;
But ne'er by letter nor by word,
Of Frederic's fate cou'd learn.

Long

Long did he sigh, long did he weep,
And wipe his aged eyes ;
On ev'ry side around him wide,
His scathed country cries :
All shook with dire convulsive pangs,
She groan'd her griefs aloud,
While frantic madness flew about,
And mixt with mortal crowd.

As for a bone all nations now,
Like village curs did strive,
While famine and disease did cling,
And eat them up alive :
And when they pull'd the cockade down,
They pinn'd it to their hearts ;
And while they trod the old tree down,
As fast the young one starts.

The Germans taught their prattling babes
The songs of France for whim ;
And now for morn and ev'ning pray'r,
They sing Marseillois hymn.
Great armies now were levied forth
Against dishevell'd France,
And many a braggard prince did boast,
And broke his shiv'ring lance.

Black danger threat'ned all around,
The foe, like autumn leaves,
Came pouring on the plains of France,
But bold her spirit braves.
Unbidden forth both man and child,
The aged and the young ;
Men women took the musket up,
And to the battle fung.

Nor man nor boy that could bear arms,
The ruthless times did spare ;
They rous'd like lions to the war,
To save their country dear.
The pow'rs above, what glorious deeds
One little arm can do,
That draws the sword for liberty,
Against a slavish foe.

What feats of valour now were done,
What muse has pow'r to sing ;
Unless great God look down from heav'n,
And nerve her eagle wing.
Man would she give your hallow'd names,
A fame that ne'er shall die ;
The mortal earth hangs on her wing,
While tears stand in her eye.

How

How many bleeding on the ground,
Smil'd on their dusty death ;

How many fac'd the cannons roar,
That shook th' affrighted earth.

Whate'er the Spartan did of old,
In Athens or in Rome ;

We see these heroes live again,
In France these heroes bloom.

In feats of virtue, valour too,
Whate'er a Greek could boast,

Or Roman, Briton, e'er have done,
In France is far surpast.

Thrice honour'd heroes dead and gone,
Your names shall still be dear ;

And many an unborn hero shall
Shed on your tombs a tear.

Your children too shall emulate,
The deeds which you have done,

And carry on the noble work,
Their valiant fires begun.

How oft the foe came furious on,
Encamp'd in Gallia's plain,

As oft the French attack'd them there,
And drove them back again.

And many a town was lost and won,
 In France and Flanders too,
 And many a town burnt to the ground,
 Smil'd on the plain anew.

The Flemish fields made drunk with blood,
 More fertile than before;
 And man did eat the swelling grain
 Made fat with human gore.

Whole villages did smoke in flames,
 And left the native bare,
 Who sought the corse-strown field at night,
 To seek a living there.

So harden'd in these scenes of blood,
 That now like birds of prey,
 They hover round, by famine press'd,
 To where the dying lay.

And oft the bleeding soldier sigh'd,
 And begg'd the coming blow,
 And oft the famish'd native struck,
 And eas'd him of his woe.

So strangely cruel was this war,
 The pris'n'r hopeless stood;
 And when he su'd for mercy now,
 Was murder'd in cold blood.

Where'er

Where'er the brutal Austrian came,
They made a sport of death ;
And ravish'd many a blooming maid
Upon her father's hearth.

So long in arms, so long in blood,
The soldier and the man ;
In France they still go hand in hand,
To shew what soldiers can.

So long in camps, so long in fields,
So glorious was their cause ;
Each single arm would boldly dare,
A host of slavish foes.

What could oppose a pow'r like this ?
The foe flew from their fields ;
Town after town is now subdu'd,
And ev'ry fortress yields.

And many a town was so surpris'd,
Scarce did the trumpet sound,
The 'habitant look'd from the wall,
And saw the Frenchmen 'round :
Thus did they march their banner'd host
They scarce did shew their face ;
And ere th' opposing sword was drawn,
Were masters of the place.

At length the town of Nieuport fell ;
St. Just commanded now ;
The Allies they gave up the place,
Or e'er they struck a blow.
Here comes a scene of horrors full,
For many a Frenchman here
Was taken in his rebel arms,
The law now could not spare.
Full well they knew no hope there was,
And frantic was their look ;
While death did stare them in the face,
Their frames with horror shook.
And many knew their brethren here,
Ask'd for their babes and wives
In vain ; nor babes nor wives had pow'r,
To save their husbands lives.
A dread tribunal now was held,
And doom'd them to be shot ;
And many a brother there did mourn
To hear a brother's lot.
Amongst the rest 'twas Fred'ric's fate,
His life the law denies ;
In vain the parent wept and pray'd,
And wip'd his aged eyes.

And fore he struggled still to hide,
And sacrifice his son ;
And weeping, cry'd, let Fred'ric die,
So let the laws be done.
But how to take their brothers lives,
They ev'ry man did vote ;
And to a man they did agree,
It should be done by lot.

Now all the troops were in the place,
And troop by troop they drew ;
And ev'ry lot a hand pull'd out,
A well-known brother flew.
Among the rest, St. Just did draw,
His aged looks were wild :
And well they might, it was his lot,
To shoot his darling child.

Now ev'ry eye was on him fix'd,
All felt the parent's woe ;
From ev'ry eye the piteous tear,
In grief did overflow.
And still he struggled with himself,
And as a man to bear ;
But still the parent found its way,
And starting ran the tear.

Yet still he struggled with his heart,
And firm resolves he made ;
But still the parent burst its way,
And nature flood display'd.
Now ev'ry breast did heave and sigh,
And ev'ry cheek was wet ;
On him they fixt their brim-full eyes,
Where ev'ry sorrow met.

'Twas he commanded in the place,
And should example give ;
Yet was his lot the worst of all,
Still with himself did strive.
Now came the victims pale and wan,
And one by one were led ;
And bound unto the ruthless stake,
Where one by one they bled.

And ev'ry soldier shot his man,
His eyes with tears were full :
And sorrow shook the trembling hand,
That did the trigger pull.
And many a one shook hands in death,
And took their last embrace ;
And nature oft burst forth in groans,
To see the well-known face.

At length came Fred'ric forth to death,
And shame bent down his eyes ;
And silent grief found sad relief,
Did vent itself in sighs :
But when they came to tie his hands,
He to the soldier spoke,
And begg'd that he might stand alone,
And bear the fatal stroke.

St. Just now strode from out the ranks,
To slay his darling son ;
And ev'ry eye through all the ranks
Were fixt the fire upon.
To take his last look on the world,
Young heart-broke Fred'ric he
Did lift his eyes from off the ground,
His aged fire to see.

What horror shook their gen'rous souls,
Forgot all other harms ;
Both fire and son together ran,
Clasp'd in each others arms.
A joy flash'd through the sullen gloom,
And shone upon each face ;
But pale and deadly sorrow perch'd,
And took her raven place.

Still clasp'd within each others arms,
Fast beating ev'ry heart ;
The toll still ringing on the bell,
Reminding them to part.
Another fullen toll did ring,
Their natures felt the shock,
As if it shook their hearts in twain,
And gave the fatal stroke.

Scarce could he ask how far'd his friends,
So swoln his heart with woe ;
But ev'ry thought renew'd his grief,
And told the coming blow.
The father too, all drown'd in tears,
Oft curs'd the fatal day ;
And fervently did pray to God,
To take his life away.

It must be done, 'tis Heav'n's decree,
While sighs were all they spake ;
And oft they cast their brim-full eyes
Upon the bleeding stake.
" One more embrace," the father cry'd,
" Then Heav'n's high will be done ;"
Again they join'd their weeping cheeks,
With weeping cold as stone.

Prefs'd to the parent's breast, the child
Pour'd out his bursting grief,
And in his parent's bosom wept
Those tears which gave relief.
The parent too wept with his child,
And from his aged eyes
The tears flow'd fast, and from his breast
Burst out oppressive sighs.

They parted now 'gainst nature's law,
How great the struggle was!
Where nature bade them part no more,
But part, still toll'd the laws.
Yet still with brim-full eyes they look,
But look to look no more ;
To see his Fred'ric reach the place,
His aged heart-strings tore.

Now tears burst fresh from ev'ry eye,
From rank to rank they flow ;
And ev'ry bosom swoln with grief,
In sighs did vent its woe.
Young Fred'ric lean'd against the stake,
With anguish scarce could stand ;
Yet fast he grasp'd the brain-dasht wood,
And held with trembling hand.

St. Just with cold and sullen step,
Went to the dreadful spot,
Against his darling son to aim,
And fire the fatal shot.

He stood awhile in bitter woe,
With looks fixt on the earth ;
And on his brows sat anguish dire,
And bent him down to death.

With quiv'ring hand his musket took,
He cast a look above ;
And seem'd to ask of God in heav'n,
Why he to this was drove.

When like a pardon to a slave,
Who's on the scaffold brought,
Such blifs St. Just found in his soul,
So happy was the thought.

And suicide for once did smile,
It was his only hope ;
On raven-wing, despair did sing,
Her melancholous note.

" And shall I see thee yet," he cry'd,
" My darling child, I shall ;"
With that the musket through his heart,
Did send the deadly ball.

“ This is the only way that’s left ;”
He smiling look’d around,
Then ran to where his Fred’ric stood,
And sunk upon the ground.
His bleeding father Fred’ric clasp’d,
And kiss’d his tear-full cheek ;
Sad comfort this the parent gave,
Who sadly thus did speak.

“ Give me thy hand, my much-lov’d child,
“ Nor man shall part us more ;
“ Together let us leave the world,
“ And seek the unknown shore.”
With that, while gushing ran the blood,
He bade his friends adieu ;
And many a weeping soldier kiss’d
The hand that well he knew.

And many try’d to cheer the son,
Who now did smile on death,
And only ask’d some friendly hand,
To stop his painful breath.
St. Just did try to cheer their griefs,
And while he cheer’d, he said,
“ My friends will meet some other day,
“ So be the laws obey’d.”

He clung around his Fred'ric's knees,
Who held the dead man's hand,
And man-like, like that father's son,
He gave the dread command.
His father's troop they heard his voice,
While sorrow stopt their breath ;
From five score mouths the bullets flew,
And sent 'em instant death.

Thus died they in each other's arms,
The father and the son :
So thrive the people bold and brave,
So let their laws be done.
This woeful tale shall oft be told,
And o'er the winter fire,
The family shall crowd around,
To hear the aged fire.

As oft they hear this doleful tale,
As oft shall tears be shed ;
And oft the winter peasant shall
Go weeping to his bed.
Yet many a tale as sad as this
In Gallia's fate was roll'd,
Since first she doff'd the tyrant's yoke,
Unwept, unheard, untold.

Such

Such was the fate when Nieuport fell,
And wide was Gallia's scath ;
And such the scath through all the world,
When tyrants doom'd to death.

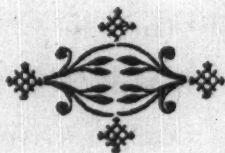
On France's bosom brooding long,
Sat frantic fury fell,
And made her bleeding bosom long
The haggard house of Hell :

But she hath hatch'd to light and life,
From out the soul of man ;
The callow young thing cast its down,
To spread its wings began.
Fair freedom now doth soar on high,
And busk her eagle wing ;
While souls of men like seraphim
Around her sweetly sing.

As oft as tyrants at her struck,
Like flint she shed a light,
And many try'd to put it out,
But still it blaz'd more bright :
And as the sun from chaos first,
She rises now in Gaul,
And ne'er will set till she has made
A circle round this ball.

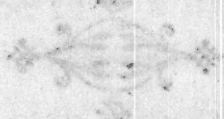
Where'er she comes, the mind of man
Is like the morn in May,
And spreads a smile through all the land,
And discord drives away.
So shall she set in peace and bliss,
While angels round her sing;
And man with man shall smile again,
With joy the world shall ring.

F I N I S.



There at the corner, the end of my
Is like the room in May
And spreads a smile through all the land
And blessed lives away
And the for in peace and bliss
While angels round her sing
And men with merriment in the again
With joy the world shall sing

For the world is full of
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SIR MORDAC AND BALMA.

A TALE.

DARK was the night beneath yon rock,
 Where rolls the roaring stream;
 Around its head loud howls the wind,
 And shrieks of midnight scream.
 'Twas here the lovely Balma came
 To meet the cruel knight,
 Where oft he vow'd his faithless love,
 And oft his word did plight.

Here oft among the waving woods,
 He ravish'd in her charms;
 And faithless toy'd the time away
 In lovely Balma's arms.
 Here oft she sung his soul asleep,
 'Twas as some angel sung;
 Her voice it warbled through the woods,
 And ran the stream along.

D

Till

Till cloy'd and sated was his lust,

He wish'd her in her grave ;

His hate grew great as was his love,

But she was Cupid's slave.

On such a night of horrors wild,

She left her father's gate,

And sought the deep and gloomy wood,

There anxiously did wait.

And long she waited for her love ;

Thy love no more shall come,

For all his thoughts were black as Hell,

And all his soul was gloom.

He had a man liv'd in his house,

To do the hellish part ;

On him had fortune done her worst,

And steel'd his cruel heart.

He sent the barb'rous Mungo forth,

To wait the lovely maid,

And riot in her lovely charms,

Where once himself had laid.

He hid him in a secret cave,

To watch the lover's path ;

And burning with his lustful rage,

He listen'd to each breath.

And oft he heard the beetle's hum,
And oft the watch-dog's bay;
And oft the raven's wing did flap,
And shriek did die away.
As if the spirits of the storm
Cried through the murky air;
He distant heard the dreadful noise,
Which shook his soul with fear.

At length the lovely Balma came,
And sighing sought her love;
She sweetly sung the banks along,
And wander'd through the grove.
She sudden stopp'd with list'ning ear,
A fatal raven croak'd,
And perch'd upon the shaggy cave,
Where cruel Mungo lurk'd.

Like Tarquin strode he forth the cave,
It was her passing bell;
It wak'd him from his lustful dream,
To deeds as black as Hell.
A voice did it croak upon the rock,
Fair Balma shook with fear,
When strange, a ghostlike scream was heard,
Assail'd her list'ning ear.

She starting look'd, and pleas'd she saw,
The lustful Mungo stood ;
She ran and clasp'd him in her arms,
And sought the dark brown wood.
She thought it was her well-lov'd knight ;
Alas ! thou luckless maid,
The cruel Mordac's in his hall,
And thee he has betray'd.

They toy'd the time in amour sweet,
Far in the forest gloom,
Where blasts sang o'er the fir-tree tops,
And ghosts came from the tomb.
To see a deed so black as this,
It made all nature shrink,
And on the clouds wild forms were seen,
As if they were in drink.

Now from the murky dome above,
The stars shot down a light ;
The moon fast sailing seem'd in tears,
Flew quick before the night ;
A palid glimpse adown she shot,
Shone on the ruffian's face ;
She started from his lustful arms,
And sunk upon the grass.

He, heedless of her deathlike form,
 Did riot in her charms ;
 And scarce recov'ring from her plight,
 All clasp'd within his arms.
 She waking saw his ruffian look,
 She felt his panting breast ;
 And all her mind with horror shrunk,
 And all her soul oppress'd.

 In vain she cry'd for help to him,
 Alas ! no help was near,
 And nothing heard mid woods and wilds,
 She cry'd to desert air.
 Dissolv'd she lay all in his arms,
 Now gain'd his utmost wish ;
 He, careless of the pang she felt,
 Beheld her dire distress.

 She started frantic from the place,
 Her lovely locks she tore ;
 Hush'd was each thought, and now return'd
 More dreadful than before.
 She cast a glance o'er all the deed,
 Her thought she could not 'bide ;
 For now the cruel knight himself
 Stood by fair Balma's side.

He tax'd her with her plighted faith,

He curs'd her treach'rous lust;

She frantic thought him still sincere,

Into his bosom rush'd.

Were ever hearts so diff'rent join'd;

She met his cruel breast;

He brutal as a Nero was,

And she as Dian chaste.

He threw her on the clay-cold turf,

Cry'd, "That's the cursed bed,

"Where thou hast broke a lover's heart,

"And done the hellish deed."

What furious thoughts possess her breast,

All ravish'd, mad, and wild,

Still glowing with a lover's love

For him who her beguil'd.

She cast a look into his face,

The barb'rous tyrant frown'd;

The tears ran gushing down her cheeks,

And all her bosom drown'd.

Her thoughts were big with all the deed,

And black it look'd and foul;

She saw her lover still stand by,

It cut her to the soul.

Frail nature could not bear the shock,
And all her senses whirl'd ;
She curst the moon that gave her light,
She could not face the world.
Again she dropt upon the turf,
The blood fled to her heart,
Asham'd to send it forth again,
To cheer her to the smart.

The barb'rous Mordac by her stood,
And hell was in his soul ;
He grimly smil'd like Hell itself
Upon the deed so foul.
The blood returning to her cheeks,
And thought return'd again,
And life unsought reviv'd the maid,
More poignant grew the pain.

Stung to the soul, she saw her love,
She saw her broken faith ;
And ev'ry hope quite sicken'd grew,
And all her wish was death.
She flew like light'ning up the rock,
Which dreadful hung in view,
And headlong down the precipice
Her lovely form she threw.

Caught

Caught by her garment from the rock
 A loosen'd fragment came,
 With fatal vengeance struck the knight,
 And plunged him in the stream.
 In vain he strove with lusty arms
 Against the rolling wave ;
 The rolling wave the stronger prov'd,
 And watry was his grave.

Far down rough Annan's rolling stream,
 Dash'd on the rocky shore ;
 Until he came where gath'ring tides
 Meet with the ocean's roar.
 But she, poor lovely injur'd maid,
 Alas ! no more was seen ;
 Or chang'd by Heav'n into a nymph,
 To mourn on Annan's stream.

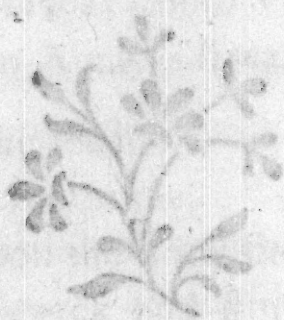
But he, as if the sea itself,
 In horror at the crime,
 Was thrown upon the stony shore,
 Among the wreck and flime.
 And long he lay upon the sands,
 With clothes half torn away,
 To putrify in desert air,
 For hungry crows a prey.

And none would give him burial rite,
So hated was the deed;
But left to rot among the slime,
Where worms and maggots breed,
To purge his soul from sin so foul,
He long to Hell was doom'd;
In wild decay his bones did lay,
Were never yet entomb'd.



And none would give him burial time,
So hated was the deed;
But left to rot among the slime,
Where worms and maggots breed,
To purge his soul from sin to find
He long to Hell was doom'd;
In wild decay his bones did lay,
He never yet contemp'd.

Far down the vale he lay,
Unburied, and unwept,
Till one day, as he lay,
A vision came to him,
That he should rise again,
To live and reign with him.



And now he rose again,
To live and reign with him,
To live and reign with him,
To live and reign with him,
To live and reign with him,
To live and reign with him.

35
ON A LITTLE BEGGAR-CHILD.

*Thy matches, crumbling, in her hands;
NO, thou art young
Thou'lt learn to touch the heart of man*
A LITTLE BEGGAR-CHILD,

Thy misdeed is fair distress
Who followed the **AUTHOR** *for Charity in*
And ope the door to its rest
And like to find
the Streets.

THOU wee bit curly shiv'ring thing,
I canna bide to see thee rin,
Sae cald a night;
Wha wad be guilty o' the fin,
To gie thee nought.

Thi' thou nae cald i' thy bit feet,
Toddling thro' the mud and weit,
Wi' piteous moan;
To beg a living i' the street,
Wi' mony a groan.

Thy

Thy mither at yon corner stands,
 Wi' matches, trembling, in her hands;
 Tho' thou art young,
 Thou'lt learnt to touch the heart o' man,
 Wi' thy bit tongue.

Thy mither she is fair distrest,
 Her baby suckling at her breast,
 And nought to cou'r't;
 And aye she ba's it to its rest,
 Maist like to smu'r't.

Hast thou nae ither claiths than that
 Auld ragged cloak that thou hast gat,
 It anes was reed;
 Canst thou no get some auld bit hat,
 To cou'r thy heed.

Och me! what man could pass thee by,
 And hear thy poor bit piteous cry,
 Thou ask'ft for bread;
 If he but hears thee he maun sigh,
 Maist deep indeed.

Waes me, how oft it is the case,
 Thy barny shows its winter face,
 Wi' running toddle;
 Unfeeling man, to stop its pace,
 Comes o'er its noddle.

Och may the world gie him a lick,
 Wha struck thy baby wi' a stick;
 In time o' need,
 Och fortune, anes but gie him sic,
 To beg his bread.

Och let him anes, like ither men,
 The waes o' want and hunger ken,
 To learn him for't:
 And see how he will like it then;
 Thy baby bor't.

Why is't that thrives sic men as this?
 Why is't the world doth shed its blifs
 On sic a brute?
 For fortune, blindly, seems to kifs
 His vera foot!

Och me ! how oft the feeling heart,
Wi' fortune's keenest arrows smart,
 Until she weeps ;
And till the vera tears do start
 Adoon her cheeks.

Tho' ye be curst wi' hearts to feel,
Adoon your cheeks the tears do steal,
Yet whiles ye laugh,
Wi' joy fae great, it gars ye reel ;
That's blifs enough.



ON SEEING

A SURLY WATCHMAN

*Drive a poor BEGGAR'S CHILD from the
Street, for SINGING BALLADS.*

POOR wee bit houseless singing wretch !

Thou heedless lilt'ft thy hame-spun catch,

Amang the croud ;

Thou hast awak'd the surly watch,

Thou roar'ft sae loud.

Thou trembling in the kennel there

Stan'ft wi' a fou contented air :

Thou maun gang hame ;

The nightly watchman wona spare,

Thou'rt no to blame.

Thy ballads wi' the rain are weit,
The cald air nips thy paddling feet,
Poor hungry wretch!
The cruel watchman wona let
Thee sing a catch.

Where sleep'st o' nights, thou unclad thing,
Or crouch beneath thy mither's wing,
Whan cald winds blaw
And och! they wona let thee sing,
To get some straw.

Thou oft beneath some penthouse coops,
And listens to the weit that drops
Sae frae aboon;
Sleeps't to the splashing o' the floss,
Still pouring doon.

Thy hands, sae starv'd, scarce haud the bread
Which thou art nibbling, flow indeed,
Wi' dirt and snot:
Yet thou, contented, still doth feed;
But och! thy lot.

Aye pouing up thy wee bit feet,
To keep them frae the clashing weit,
Beneath thy coats :
Thou hear'st the rake's loud drucken threat,
And blust'ring notes.

Och me, what he doth throw away,
In whoring, drinking, and in play,
Wad fill thy weam,
And claith thee in good hame-spun grey,
And hide thy shame.

Och, he ne'er thinks about the poor;
He sees thee crouching at some door,
And, wi' his stick,
Thy poor bit nodding head comes o'er,
An unco lick.

But thou maun tak it a', content,
Tho' it may mak thy een to glent,
And drop a tear ;
Thou cheer'st thy poor bit heart, tho' faint,
Sic ills to bear.

In frost and snaw and winter cold,
Distress oft maks the beggar bold,
In butcher's sta';
'Mang tramp'd strae I see thee roll'd,
Aside the wa'.

There, whisp'ring wi' some beggars weans,
Thou tell'st them a' thy hard-earn'd gains
Thy ballads by,
Lie on the ground, wat wi' the rains,
The morn to dry.

Poor as thou art, thy life is sweet,
And whan thy weam is fou o' meat,
Thou hast enough;
And envies not the rich nor great,
Thou aye can laugh.

In some sma' alehouse, fou o' folk,
I see thee sitting i' the nook,
A-drinken beer;
Thy mammy, wi' a smiling look,
Aside thee near.

Where a' ken ither weel enough,
They a'togither crack and laugh
The night away;
And a' the plagie cares they d'off
O' ither day.

The auld wife harkens to the joke,
Aye fills her pipe again to smoke,
Devoid o' care;
She pits about her sma' bit stock,
And begs for mair.

The landlord kens them a' fae weel,
Beggar frae beggar wona steal,
He trusts them oft:
And a' gang hame w' sic a reel,
Their cares fae d'offt.



ON

A PRIMROSE.

A DIRGE.

A E smileless morn, beneath a thorn,
 A humble Primrose grew ;
 Its sonfie face blink'd frae the place,
 While loud the north wind blew.

Frae aff the fell it cam sae snell,
 It gart a' nature shrink :
 Wee modest flou'r leugh at the stoure
 That gart auld nature blink.

A black'ning cloud the sun did shroud,
 The dizzy blast did rock ;
 The clouds flew fast afore the blast
 Which shook the branching oak.

The joyless day to pass away,
Baith heartless, bird and beast,
While driving rain shot o'er the plain,
Ran to the shelter fast.

The thorn sae auld, wi' age was bauld,
Fou mony a blast had born;
Thro' leafless boughs the wind loud sighs,
Wi' a' its branches torn.

Beneath its shade, which now did fade,
The modest flou'r it smil'd;
And a' was rest within its breast,
Tho' a' beside was wild.

Some humble bard, like thee, so star'd,
Unseen, unhear'd, unken'd;
His fortune too, bare as that bough,
Which doth thee shelter lend.

The tempest's scoul doth please his soul,
Like thee, he smiles, tho' poor;
The God of storms keeps him from harms,
And learns him to endure.

Wi' pleasing dread he rears his head,
 And hears all nature ring;
 Wi' smiling fear the storm to hear,
 And soar's on fancy's wing.

Just like this flou'r, from fortune's pow'r,
 So let him live and die;
 Known but to few that e'er it grew,
 Or where he e'er shall lie.

F I N I S.



